

Missourian Denounces Those Who Kicked His Dog Around

Champ Clark Pays Score With Book

Baltimore Serves to Give Point and Savor to Autobiography of Politician

By Heywood Brown

CHAMP CLARK'S "My Quarter Century of American Politics" (Harper's) is published in two volumes, and comprises almost 1,000 pages, and yet the reader can hardly avoid the impression that the whole purpose of the book lies in the last chapter, which is called "Baltimore." Mr. Clark can hardly have been impelled to write his autobiography in order to inform the American public that as a boy he had "a large head and small neck," or to impart the information that Missouri mud turtles are often shipped to New York, where they are served as diamond-back terrapin. All this must have been incidental to the happy moment when the author was able to write and set down the enduring covers of a stanchly bound volume: "It was on the fourth ballot that William Jennings Bryan violated his instructions and by base and false insinuations—to use no uglier word—robbed me of the nomination to which I was entitled by all the rules of decency, justice, honesty, common sense and fair dealing."

Next to paying his tribute to Bryan the strongest urge which must have impelled Mr. Clark to write his autobiography may be identified with his desire to say something about the two-thirds rule, which prevails in Democratic national conventions. After explaining that the rule was originally a device which permitted the pro-slavery Democrats to obtain friendly candidates from the stronger wing of the party, Mr. Clark continues: "Of course, the reason for the two-thirds rule was to keep the party together, but it was retained and used in 1912, a half century later, to gouge me out of the Presidential nomination, notwithstanding the fact that I led on

twenty-nine ballots and received a clear majority of eight." The author does not permit Mr. Bryan to escape with one lashing. Although he admits the strong political ties which once existed between himself and the Commoner, he reviews the whole career of Mr. Bryan with a good deal of candor and spleen. Thus, in speaking of the 1896 convention he records: "It is a pleasant fiction that his nomination was solely the spontaneous result of his glowing 'cross of gold and crown of thorns' speech. But the hoghead of Bryan buttons immediately turned loose did not grow out of that speech! Hardly."

Indeed, Mr. Clark relates that, some time before the convention of 1896, Mr. Bryan, who at that time had not even been mentioned as a possible candidate, confided to him that he fully expected to receive the nomination. Even the cross of gold speech now seems to Mr. Clark to have been somewhat overrated, although he admits that it was "one of the most opportune speeches delivered in this world since the confusion of tongues on the plain of Shinar, at the foot of the unfinished Tower of Babel." And one may be pardoned just an atom of doubt as to the extent of the writer's sincerity when he remarks: "It in no way detracted from its merits that he had repeatedly delivered parts of it, perhaps all of it, before."

There also is room for suspicion that Mr. Clark is not quite frank in revealing his state of mind in regard to Woodrow Wilson. To be sure, he ends his book with the observation that "The conclusion of the whole matter was that Governor Wilson was nominated and elected in 1912, renominated and re-elected in 1916, and the consensus of world opinion is that he has been, and is, a great President."

This suspicion need not rest entirely on the parenthetical quality of the tribute to Mr. Wilson's present greatness, nor depend on the agile manner in which Mr. Clark steps aside and lets the consensus of the world pass judgment rather than himself. The reader will find that Mr. Clark is never sparing in the use of "great." For instance, William Randolph Hearst is described as "the greatest newspaper publisher the world ever saw." It is rather from indirect sources that the reader may gather that Wilson is not among the highest in the affections of Champ Clark. His delight in recording the results of the Presidential primaries is evident when he writes: "I carried nearly two-thirds of the states in the Union, defeated Governor Wilson by more than 800,000 in states in which primaries were held, and could walk on Clark territory from the Pacific to the Atlantic and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico." Due attention is also paid to the size of President Wilson's campaign fund and to the fact that Cleveland H. Dodge, "zinc trust magnate," was reported to have sent \$68,000 to Mr. Wilson's managers shortly before the convention. Yet none of this is so illuminating as the casual remark of the author: "Everybody goes to hear and applaud a President—any President."

It must be confessed, however, that Champ Clark succeeds admirably in presenting a convincing case for his assertion that he was the victim of exceedingly sharp and questionable political tactics in the Baltimore convention. He does not succeed in making these sharp and questionable tactics appear so much a crime against a nation as an injustice to an individual, for the author gives forth no glow of greatness in the portrait of himself which he draws in the autobiography. Nor are we inclined to think this wholly because of his distinct modesty in telling his life story.

The book rambles inordinately, but



FREDERIC VILLERS, war correspondent, has issued a book of sketches, published by Doran, with an introduction by Philip Gibbs, called "Days of Glory." In explanation of the above sketch, Mr. Villers says that sometimes, on foggy days in the first year of the war, German soldiers would steal across "No Man's Land" and throw up their arms in token of surrender, crying "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

on the whole it is an interesting account of a tempestuous period in American politics. Unfortunately, Mr. Clark is always willing to turn from more important and interesting material to tell an anecdote, and he seems to be no judge of anecdotes. Thus he records as evidence of the quick wit of Theodore Roosevelt, that coming to a speech through a rain storm he began his address by remarking, "If this speech is dry it's the only dry thing about me." Moreover, he thinks that Senator Vest's "Eulogy on the Dog" is a gem of oratory, that "The Pleasures of Hope" is "the finest long poem in our vernacular," and that Henry Cabot Lodge is a little bit odd because he insists on using "were graduated from" instead of Mr. Clark's "graduated at." Of course, Champ Clark has been exposed to the House of Representatives for a number of years, but at twenty-three he was a college president.

Fly Fishing

Viscount Grey Shows Himself an Expert Angler

TIME drags heavily as The First Saturday in April approaches, for that is the day on which the trout fisherman may take his pet rod and most alluring fly to a favorite brook in quest of the gamest thing that swims. But there are ways to make the intervening period tolerable, and we have just discovered one of them. Sir Edward Grey's book, "Fly Fishing" (Dent, London), will delight those who follow that sport, for it will take them in fancy through many of the piscatorial experiences which they have themselves enjoyed. It is a tale of British streams, but if the names of familiar American streams were substituted the reader would not know the difference.

It is more than merely a fishing book; one cannot help admiring the author's technique as an angler, and it is easy

to enjoy with him the thrill of playing a plunging trout on tackle weighing next to nothing, but the greatest appeal lies in the fact that to Sir Edward the day's catch is simply a byproduct of a pastoral adventure. The things that really count with him are the rippling brooks, running through green meadows lit by gleams of sunshine falling

between patches of fleecy clouds. Which is quite as it should be.

No one can read the book without understanding why the true angler finds greater pleasure in his surroundings than in the content of his willow basket or the battles which helped to fill it. The story is not exciting, but it does not lack in thrills; only the

thrills are the sort that bring restful contentment to the man who has a passion for matching his skill against the native wariness of the trout. It is not impossible that Sir Edward Grey's book will be reprinted again after Viscount Grey, the statesman, is a dim memory.

Spanish America

Its Literature Discussed by Isaac Goldberg

Dr. Isaac Goldberg's "Studies in Spanish-American Literature" (Brentano's) discovers to us on the Southern continent of the last fifty years Decadents, Symbolists, Realists, Parnassians; a somber European negation of life, hectic affirmation, other-worldliness, a passionate notation of actuality, the serenity of impersonal classicism, and a sophisticated theory of art—as genuine and sincere as if literature had, on this new ground, passed through the European course of development. The development had, of course, not been of this nature. The Spanish colonists were too much of Europe to evolve a new, distinctive culture, the beginning of their literary activity was a resumption of the old, and not at the point where they had left it, since a generation sufficed to place them once more in the current of contemporary European movements, with the break of more than a century accounted for.

The literature that is genuinely South American we will get in a collection of Indian poetry, such as George Cronyn's recent beautiful "The Path of the Rainbow." The interest of the present book lies solely in the facts which it presents. We would like more books on the subject, which eminently deserves them.

TREACHEROUS GROUND

By JOHAN BOJER



COVER design of Johan Bojer's "Treacherous Ground," published by Moffat, Yard & Co. Ibancz calls Bojer "A Maupassant of the North"

MME. GRANDVOINET—By Albert Ades

Translated by William L. McPherson

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Here is a story which has distinction both in form and thought. Its psychology is acute and its simplicity in execution is admirable.

WHEN ruin falls upon a house in which life has been care-free and easy, it doesn't evoke only painful images. It suddenly magnifies the past, and that which was of little importance yesterday takes on marvelous form and color in the memory.

When my mother learned that we had lost our fortune she stammered, through her tears:

"Cécile! Oh, what will Cécile say? Quick. I must write to Cécile."

For two days we awaited her coming. Each time the garden gate creaked my mother cried "It's she this time." We asked ourselves what reason there was for this impatience. For, since our early childhood, we were accustomed to see "that poor Mme. Grandvoinet" come to visit us—timid, shrinking, always on her guard, much like an old governess with whom we had remained on terms of intimacy.

She and my mother were of the same age. Up to the time they married each had been the other's best friend. Nothing then seemed to foreshadow the difference in their destinies. My mother's was to be, for twenty years, smooth and happy. Mme. Grandvoinet, in that time, had had to contend with many difficulties.

The relations between the two old friends continued. But they reflect-

ed the change in the circumstances of each. Mme. Grandvoinet acquired the habit of admiring my mother extravagantly and blindly. When she came to our house everything greatly impressed her. The least knock seemed to her a rare object. She felt abashed before the most modest of our friends. If my mother said to her, "Do you know what has happened to me?" her eyes immediately took on a dreamy expression, as if she were ready to listen to a fairy tale.

"The ingrate! The ingrate!" my mother cried. "You will see that she doesn't come, now that I am poor." Nevertheless, on the third day, as I was looking out of the window, I caught a glimpse of her brown cape. Stretched on a sofa, my mother received her friend.

"It's you, Cécile?"

"Yes; here I am. I knew about it before you wrote me, my dear child."

She bent over and pressed her face against my mother's forehead.

In spite of her shabby clothes and her habitual air of distress, I perceived for the first time traces of a beauty with which I had never credited her. I had had a superstition. It feeling which held me apart from this woman. As a boy I used to cry when she wanted to kiss me or take me on her knees. In her face, worn by suffering, I had seen something mysterious, almost diabolical.

She went on: "You will have to learn economy not only in things but in the manifestations of your nature. It is that, you see, which is the hardest of all, for it impoverishes the forces of life."

There was a high and noble feeling in her voice. One might have said that she spoke, seeing about her, but visible to her only, the whole circle of her past humiliations.

"Perhaps you don't understand yet what I am talking about. Nevertheless, I assure you that of all the realities of poverty this is the most terrible. It grows on you slowly. But from the first day we are unconsciously influenced by it in all

our acts. Unconsciously we know that too quick a movement is full of danger. It may tear a dress. It may break some object. Unconsciously we know that we mustn't manifest desires, for the desire of the poor takes a hideous form. It becomes envy. Unconsciously we realize that it is necessary to cultivate a little ignorance, to be indifferent to human progress. For we are of the race which can share in nothing, of that fixed race of the disinherited, prisoners to two or three needs which come daily to the surface and which each day hardly gives us time to satisfy."

I looked at Mme. Grandvoinet. She had formerly slipped like a pale shade into this house, where from the garden gate to the light which flooded our chambers, everything had exhaled to her wealth and luxury. The sheen of the copper ball on our staircase was enough to upset her and to force her to crawl into her shell. Now everything was in the same place, but the atmosphere had changed. The carpets, the chandeliers, the silver dishes were only images, over which a dark shadow hovered. She felt reanimated by our ruin, not because it gave her any

pleasure, not because a malevolent thought entered her mind, but because there was now an air in which her lungs could dilate, an atmosphere in which her individuality could expand.

My mother looked at her with a veiled glance, strange and a little malicious. She didn't like this philosophy of poverty. She had not sent for her friend to ask her counsel. And I believe that she was annoyed by the confidence with which Mme. Grandvoinet had exposed her ideas.

"But it isn't necessary to exaggerate things," she answered through her teeth. "We are ruined. That is understood. But it is only a form of speech. We have something left. Our furniture, my jewels and this villa will produce a very considerable sum. No, my dear, don't strain yourself to picture everything so black."

were accepted as an augury of evil in a house in which there was still a ray of hope.

"Pardon me. I didn't know. Excuse me," she murmured.

My mother smiled.

"Such as it is," she said, "the reality isn't very cheerful. Think of the height from which I fall! No carriage any more, no house of my own, no entertainments, nothing which makes life supportable. Consider the position which I have maintained for twenty years! I led a luxurious life. I went in the best society. My modistes, my tailors—you know who they were. Even if I find my new life relatively comfortable the descent will still be very painful."

As she talked my mother cast her eyes back over the past which she evoked. She soothed her sense of actual misfortune by magnifying the past. However cruel the adjustment might be, she drew out of it the illusion of being a fallen sovereign. And the importance which this illusion gave to her personality consoled her in part for the great reverse which she had suffered.

"Yes, yes; that is true," Mme. Grandvoinet agreed, nodding her head.

And I understood that my mother had invited her to come because she alone was miserable enough to be still impressed with the salvageable remnants of our fortune.

A Man's Fight for His Soul

Powerful Spiritual Drama Envisaged in Huysmans's Novel, "En Route"

J. K. HUYSMANS'S novel "En Route," which has recently been brought out in a new American edition by E. P. Dutton & Co., is a work of rare and profound spiritual significance. It describes the cleansing and redemption of a human soul, debased by nameless orgies, through the healing, mystical qualities of the Catholic Church. This book occupies an intermediate position in the author's trilogy of novels. "La Bas" shows Durtal, the more or less autobiographical central figure of the trilogy, steeped in the excesses of the morbid and obscene cult of Satanism. "La Cathédrale" is a novel of ultimate reconciliation with the Church. "En Route" depicts Durtal's period of transition, his desperate struggles to bring his life into conformity with his new found faith.

The gorgeous ritualism and extensive mystical literature of the Catholic Church play an important part in Durtal's experience. He is pre-eminently an artist, keenly sensitive to beauty in sculpture, painting and music, and easily shocked by crudities in worship. His mind is strongly mystical; he is powerfully attracted by the visions of Ruysbroeck, Saint Bonaventura, Saint Francis, Saint Teresa and the many other pious men and women of the Middle Ages, who were receptive to supernatural visitations. Durtal's return to faith is much facilitated by a discreet and sympathetic abbe, who sends him to churches where his artistic sensibilities will not be offended and gives him books suitable to his mental and spiritual tastes.

Finally, at the abbe's suggestion, Durtal goes to a Trappist monastery, where he is overcome with admiration and humility at the sight of the simple, austere, devout lives of the monks, who are denied even the privilege of speaking to each other. Here the crust of sin which has lain heavily upon his soul is finally broken and he brings himself to confession and communion. The sensual visions and skeptical thoughts which assail him in the holy calm of the monastery are described with great dramatic power. Durtal seeks counsel from one of the monks, who analyzes his temptations as follows:

"Let us leave on one side the sensual visions; such as they have been produced independently of your will, painful, no doubt, but ineffectual. Doubts about faith are more dangerous. Steep yourself in this truth: that besides prayer there exists but one efficacious remedy against this evil, to despise it. "Satin is pride; despise him, and at once his audacity gives way; he speaks; shrug your shoulders, and he is silent. You must not discuss with him; however good a reasoner you may be, you will be worsted, for he is a most tricky dialectician."

Into the story of Durtal's spiritual adventures M. Huysmans weaves many observations about the proper rendition of ecclesiastical music and about the writings of various saints and mystics. He shows the subtle relation between the various religious chants and the various emotions, ranging from deepest humility to profoundest exaltation, which possess the religious soul on various occasions. He points out the inner meaning of the formalism that is too often ignorantly condemned and despised.

M. Huysmans's book possesses a peculiar significance for America, even though some of its passages and references may not be very readily understood. In religion, as in education, we have been too much guided by material standards. In applying the tests of commercial success, in demanding visible and tangible "results" in the field of religion, we often lose sight of the fact that beauty of the soul, like

beauty in art, music and literature, does not lend itself to concrete appraisal.

The author presents religion in many aspects, intellectual, emotional and aesthetic. At a time when psychic phenomena are commanding a considerable measure of popular interest special attention should be paid to a work which appeals strongly to the mystical instincts in human nature without any recourse to absurdity and imposture.

Turning the Tide

"The Turn of the Tide," by Jennings C. Wise, late lieutenant colonel, United States Army, is a detailed account of the operations of the American troops at Cantigny, Chateau Thierry and the Second Battle of the Marne. The author was attached to the Historical Section of the American General Staff and possessed access to all the official information about the battles which he describes. Colonel Wise emphasizes the decisive character of the aid afforded by the fresh American troops poured into the conflict at a critical moment and asserts that "it is not unreasonable to conclude that those troops tipped the scales of victory."

A SECRET OF THE SEA

By William Allison

A deserted ship; a mystery of the past; an apparently impossible love affair, \$1.75. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

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